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P O E M S.

P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

THE FOLLOWING PIECES,

V I Z.

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Ode written upon the
Death of Mr. GRAY. | III. Another Inscription
for the fame. |
| II. For the Monument of
a favourite Spaniel. | IV. Translation from
DANTE, Canto xxxiii. |

BY THE
EARL OF CARLISLE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in St. James's Street.

M D C C L X X I I I .

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C19A17

P O E M S.

O D E

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF

M^R. G R A Y.

I.

WHAT Spirit's that which mounts on high,
Born on the arms of every tuneful Muse?
His white robes flutter to the gale:
They wing their way to yonder opening sky,
In glorious state through yielding clouds they sail,
And scents of heavenly flowers on Earth diffuse.

B

II. What

II.

What avails the Poet's art ?

What avails his magic hand ?

Can he arrest Death's pointed dart,

Or charm to sleep his murderous band ?

Well I know thee, gentle Shade,

That tuneful voice, that eagle eye.—

Quick bring me flowers that ne'er shall fade,

The laurel wreath that ne'er shall die ;

With every honour deck his funeral bier,

For He to every Grace, and every Muse was dear !

III.

The listening Dryad, with attention still,

On tiptoe oft would near the Poet steal,

To hear him sing upon the lonely hill

Of all the wonders of th' expanded vale ;

The distant Hamlet, and the winding Stream,

The Steeple shaded by the friendly yew,

Sunk in the wood the Sun's departing gleam,

The grey-robed Landscape stealing from the view.

Or

* Or wrapt in solemn thought, and pleasing woe,
 O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain,
 A lesson to the village swain,
 And taught the tear of rustic grief to flow!——
 † But soon with bolder note, and wilder flight,
 O'er the loud strings his rapid hand would run :
 Mars hath lit his torch of war,
 Ranks of Heroes fill the fight !
 Hark, the carnage is begun !
 And see the Furies through the fiery air
 O'er Cambria's frighten'd land the screams of horror
 bear !

IV.

‡ Now led by playful Fancy's hand
 O'er the white surge he treads with printless feet,
 To magic shores he flies, and Fairy Land,
 Imagination's blest retreat.

* This alludes to Mr. GRAY's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.

† The Bard, a Pindaric Ode.

‡ The Progress of Poetry, a Pindaric Ode.

Here

Here roses paint the crimson way,
 No setting Sun, eternal May,
 Wild as the Priests of the Thracian fane
 When Bacchus leads the maddening train,
 His bosom glowing with celestial fire,
 To Harmony he struck the golden lyre ;
 To Harmony each hill and valley rung !
 The Bird of Jove, as when Apollo sung,
 To melting bliss resign'd his furious soul,
 With milder rage his eyes began to roll,
 The heaving down his thrilling joys confess'd,
 Till by a Mortal's hand subdued he sunk to rest.

V.

* O Guardian Angel of our early day,
 Henry, thy darling plant must bloom no more !
 By thee attended, pensive would he stray,
 Where Thames soft-murmuring laves his winding
 shore.

* Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

Thou

Thou bad'st him raise the moralizing song,
 Through life's new seas the little bark to steer :
 The winds are rude and high, the sailor young ;
 Thoughtless he spies no furious tempest near,
 Till to the Poet's hand the helm you gave,
 From hidden rocks an infant crew to save !

VI.

* Ye Fiends who rankle in the human heart,
 Delight in woe, and triumph in our tears,
 Resume again
 Your dreadful reign ;
 Prepare the iron scourge, prepare the venom'd dart,
 Adversity no more with lenient air appears :
 The snakes that twine around her head
 Again their frothy poison shed,
 For who can now her whirlwind flight controul,

* Hymn to Adversity.

Her threatening rage beguile ?
He who could still the tempest of her fowl,
And force her livid lips to smile,
 To happier feats is fled !
Now feated by his Thracian Sire,
 At the full feast of mighty Jove
To heavenly themes attunes his lyre,
And fills with Harmony the realms above !

F O R

FOR THE MONUMENT OF

R O S E,

A FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

YE Fairy sprites, who oft by dusky Eve,
When no rude noise disturbs this peaceful grove,
O'er Cowslips' heads your airy dances weave,
Or with your Females whisper tales of love,

A Favourite's urn protect with every spell
That by the conscious moon ye here prepare ;
Nor in the breast the heaving sigh repel,
Nor in the reddened eye the starting tear.

For

For Ye have feen her at the rise of day,
 Fair as the blushing flower whose name she bore,
 Try the thick copse, or in the vallies play :
 Neglect her not, though all her beauty's o'er,

 Left should some heifer, from the neighbouring mead,
 Or playful colt, her little tomb profane ;
 Left on that breast the turf too hard they tread,
 Which ne'er knew sorrow, nor e'er tasted pain.

 For this may no rude Peasants, ere the dawn,
 With noisy rattling of their loaded teams,
 Drive you with mirth unfinish'd off the lawn,
 Or in the vale disturb your pleasing dreams !

A N O T H E R
I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R T H E S A M E.

WHoe'er thou art whom chance shall hither lead,
 O'er the green turf with friendly caution tread;
 For in the bosom of this beechen shade
 A lovely Favourite's bones in peace are laid.
 She asks no pity, your compassion spare,
 Soon your own woes may want the gushing tear.
 Happy her life : She ne'er affliction knew,
 Lov'd by her Mistress, to that Mistress true.
 And, if Pythagoras hath truly taught,
 That future joy by former merit's bought,
 She may perhaps, chang'd to the snowy dove,
 Sleep in the bosom of the Queen of love ;

D

Or

Or haply may her beauteous form retain,
To scour with Dian's Nymphs the verdant plain.
But to her soul should PERFECT bliss be given
For virtues past, she asks no other Heaven,
Than here again midst flowery fields to rove,
And here again to share her Mistress' love.

TRANSLA-

T R A N S L A T I O N

F R O M

D A N T E,

C A N T O XXXIII.

DANTE, being conducted by VIRGIL into the infernal Regions, sees a person devouring a human skull, and struck by so horrid a sight, inquires into his History, and receives this account.

NOW from the fell repast, and horrid food,
 * The Sinner rose, but first (the clotted blood
 With hair depending from the mangled head)
 His jaws he wiped, and thus he wildly said :

Ah!

* Count Ugolino, a Nobleman of Pisa, entered into a conspiracy with the Archbishop Rugieri, of the Ubaldini family, to depose the Governor of Pisa; in which enterprize having succeeded, Ugolino assumed the government of the city; but the Archbishop, jealous of his power, incited the people against him; and gaining the assistance of the three powerful families of the Gulandi, Lanfranchi, and Sifmondi,

Ah! will't thou then recall this scene of woe,
 And teach again my scalding tears to flow?
 Thou know'st not how tremendous is the tale,
 My brain will madden, and my utterance fail.
 But could my words bring horror and despair
 To Him whose bloody skull you see me tear,
 Then should the voice of sweet revenge ne'er sleep,
 For ever would I talk, and talking weep.
 Mark'd for destruction, I in luckless hour
 Drew my first breath on the Etruscan shore,
 And Ugolino was the name I bore. }
 This skull contain'd an haughty Prelate's brain,
 Cruel Rugeiro's; why his blood I drain,
 Why to my rage he's yielded here below,
 Stranger, 'twill cost thee many a tear to know.
 Thou know'st perhaps how trusting to this slave
 I and my children found an early grave.

mondi, marched with the enraged multitude to attack the house of the unfortunate Ugolino, and making him their prisoner, confined him in a tower with his four sons: at length refusing them food, and casting the key of the dungeon into the river Arno, he left them in this horrible situation to be starved to death.

This

This thou may'st know, the Dead alone can tell,
 The Dead, the tenants of avenging hell,
 How hard our fate, by what inhuman arts we fell. }
 Through the small opening of the prison's height
 One moon had almost spent its waning light.
 It was when Sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
 And wearied Grief lay dozing in my breast :
 Futurity's dark veil was drawn aside,
 I in my dream the troubled prospect eyed.
 On those high hills, it seem'd, (those hills which hide
 Pisa from Lucca,) that, by Sifmond's side,
 Guland and Landfranc, with discordant cry,
 Rouse from its den a wolf and young, who fly
 Before their famish'd dogs ; I saw the fire
 And little trembling young ones faint and tire,
 Saw them become the eager blood-hounds prey,
 Who soon with savage rage their haunches flay.
 I first awoke, and view'd my slumbering boys,
 Poor hapless product of my nuptial joys,
 Scar'd with *their* dreams, toss o'er their stony bed,
 And starting scream with frightful noise for bread.

Hard is thy heart, no tears those eyes can know,
 If they refuse for pangs like mine to flow.
 My Children wake ; for now the hour drew near
 When we were wont our scanty food to share.
 A thousand fears our trembling bosoms fill,
 Each from his dream foreboding some new ill.
 With horrid jar we heard the prison door
 Close on us all, never to open more.
 My senses fail, absorb'd in dumb amaze,
 Deprived of motion on my boys I gaze :
 Benumb'd with fear, and harden'd into stone,
 I could not weep, nor heave one easing groan.
 My Children moan, my youngest trembling cried,
 " What ails my Father ?" still my tongue denied
 To move ; they cling to me with wild affright :
 That mournful day, and the succeeding night,
 We all the dreadful horrid silence kept :
 Fearful to ask, with silent grief they wept.
 Now in the gloomy cell a ray of light
 New horrors added by dispelling night.
 When looking on my boys, in frantic fit
 Of maddening grief, my senseless hands I bit.

Alas !

Alas! for hunger they mistake my rage,
 Let us, they cried, our Father's pains assuage:
 " 'Twas he, our Sire who call'd us into day,
 " Clad with this painful flesh our mortal clay,
 " That flesh he gave he sure may take away."——

But why should I prolong the horrid tale?
 Dismay and silent woe again prevail.
 No more that day we spoke!—Why in thy womb
 Then, cruel Earth, did we not meet our doom?
 Now the fourth morning rose; my eldest child
 Fell at his Father's feet; in accent wild,
 Struggling with pain, with his last fleeting breath,
 " Help me, my Sire," he cried, and sunk in death.
 I saw the others follow one by one,
 Heard their last scream, and their expiring groan.
 And now arose the last concluding day;
 As o'er each corse I grop'd my stumbling way,
 I call'd my Boys, though now they were no more,
 Yet still I call'd, till, sinking on the floor,
 Pale Hunger did what Grief refus'd to do——
 For ever closed this scene of pain and woe.







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